ALMA HERMAN BUHLER

Typed from a tape Recorded December 31, 1969 by Sylvan Buhler

[This has been typed word for word as nearly as possible]

This is Alma Buhler. I was born in Midway, Wasatch County, Utah, to Fred Buhler and Louisa Barben Buhler. I weighed 9 lbs. when I was born with a veil over my face. I've always been quite a husky guy from baby on. My first job was milking cows and sawing wood. I remember before I went to school I used to go and saw wood. My dad, he'd mark the blocks and I'd saw 'em. When night come I'd have 'em all done. Then I started to milking cows. I've milked cows ever since I was four years old right up to the present time. Then I started hauling milk in Midway.

My dad started a creamery and I used to take a small wagon and used to go to about three different families in Midway and gather the milk up in this little wagon. (A little red wagon and I pulled it by hand). I did that for quite a few months and then later on my dad got a little bigger creamery and I started with the horses. I hauled milk in Midway, Heber, and Charleston for a good many year--'til I was 22 years old. I used to run the creamery, run the farm, and one year I hauled the high school kids to Heber. I'd come home run the creamery, run the milk through and take the cans back and bring the high school boys and girls back home.

My Dad put a step on the back of the wagon, about half way up from the ground. I put the milk on the step and then from there up onto the wagon. I used to use three teams of horses to keep me agoing. I had quite a long trip to make each day. My Dad had a store and I used to haul coal for the house, store, and creamery; and then haul the freight over from the Heber depot to Midway.

One time my dad had me deliver some meat up to the Snake Creek for some people who were prospecting. There was a little blood in the bottom of the rig and I turned around to come home. (That was a buckboard buggy and I had two bay horses hooked on to it). I started out through the trees and my horses started snorting and prancing around and I couldn't hardly hold them....I didn't know what was going on. Pretty soon when I looked back...a big brown bear! He kept comin' and the horses started a going and I went down around that hill lickety cut and every time I looked back this bear was hanging there on his head on the buckboard--his front feet in the air. He was coming down there just as fast as he could go; and I was wondering if I was ever going to get down there alive or not. Every time I looked back he was still comin. I got so I was pret' near scared to look back anymore. I went down that canyon and finally I looked back and he was gone.

Another time I was up in the mountains with my brother, Will. We was prospecting in the winter. A big snow slide come down and I got under the slats there where you go into the tunnel. Just as I got under there it hit me and pushed me over across the big wash and covered me up. I got covered up and I started a hollerin....I was going to holler and my mouth filled up with snow and I seen that was no good, so I thought this was the last of me. Then I begin a smotherin, got my arm out, then I felt the air...and I thought well I got a chance so I worked as hard as I could. I got my head and shoulders out and looked around a. I thought maybe my brother was covered up; but he got back in the tunnel aways and he thought I was right there by the tunnel. I hollered at him to come and help me out. I was about 100 feet from where he was. We got out of there and went home.

Another time that I was saved from being killed...the Lord protected us. I went to work up in the big tunnel and a big cave come down and just about got me that time. We got out of there safe and sound.

I was always a guy that liked horses and cows. When I was a small boy I used to have a horse I called Madginty. Talk about ride, I used to like to ride him! I was pret' near on him day and night. I'd feed him oats until he was so fat he could hardly walk. My dad he'd kick me out of the barn and tell me to quit feeding that plug horse oats, he needed it for his other horses. As soon as he was gone, I'd go in and feed him oats, kiss him, then get on him and ride him again--put in my time that way all day long. I had many horses that I loved and cows that I can remember their names back from when I was just a kid.

Then one year I hauled ice. That was all in the job at home there. Used to haul ice and get all wet, get out early in the morning. I don't know how I ever done all the things I used to do. We used the ice to keep the butter and cheese cool in the summer.

One time I was hauling ice, it was towards Spring, the snow was startin' to melt and I was goin up the road there and it got so the next trip ... when I made the second trip we went through a field there--all the other fellers went through the field. There was more snow there in the field and a lot easier pulling. I just cut through the field there and when I got by the road the feller there wouldn't let me go through. He said I had to go back...he'd learn me a lesson. He said, "You go back, I'll learn you." I said, "Why should I go back, you let the rest of the guys go through. I'm here by the road now, why make me go back and make these horses pull that up through that other road." "Well you go back, you've no business comin here." So rather than have trouble with him I went back and showed him that I could do it. I went back and went up this road crossing this way and that way 'til I got up on the road again where he was. He was still staying there. He looked pretty sheepish when I came past...my horses was wringing wet, steam comin off of 'em. I thought to myself, well it hurt him worse than it did me.

This went on for several years. I went up to the mine to work for another guy in his place and this feller was there and I boarded with them for about two weeks--worked there. And his heart melted. He had to tell me about it and ask forgiveness. He said everytime he seen me, he thought about what he'd done to me. While I was there I chopped wood and fetched it into the house and they thought I was quite a guy....after all he'd done to me and me treat him that way. But I'd forgot all about it until he mentioned it ...almost. I'd thought about it, but I didn't think much about it anymore.

Another time I was hauling coal from Charleston to Midway for the school. The roads used to be kinda wet and soft. I got stuck there, I had four horses. This other guy he passed me and he wouldn't help me out, just went on. He called to me and said "Well I ain't got time I'll go on and see you later." So I shoveled around the wheel til I got out and then in the afternoon we went down and got another load. So he got stuck there. I come along, I went right on passed, I didn't say anything to him. I thought well I guess he don't want me to help him, he never helped me. Later on he told my brother he was sorry he didn't help me out cause I could've helped him. He hadn't had the nerve to ask me to help him after he treated me like that.

Another time I was hauling ice. A feller had a big team there but they didn't know how to pull very good. He wanted me to help him pull out. I pulled my load out in the road--we had wagons that time. So, I said, "Take your team off if you want me to help you pull." He said, "No, your team can't pull it if mine can't, they're bigger than yours." I said, "Well, take them off or else I'm not going to put mine on and pull your team and the load and all." I was just a boy then, but I knew this team could pull pretty good. So he took his team off. He said, "It won't do no good, but I'll take 'em off." So he took them off and I hooked my team on and went right out with it--cause they knowed how to pull. He didn't know what to make about that. He said, "Well you got a pretty good team there to pull that load out."

Then when I was 22 years old my mother died. My family all split up. I went to Idaho for a little while then I come back to Highland and bought a place there and raised my family--11 children--and got my place bought. Went through a good many hardships while I was here.

I remember one time when I lost my place...I'd put all the money that I did have in that place just before, so I went to Alvie Green's and I was helping him thrash, cut his grain ... and we didn't have anything much to eat in the house. I kept thinking well today will be the last day I work and then he'll pay me. We went without flour for about six days--we eat spuds mostly that time. So, this Alvie Green says, "How're getting along, Buhler, you got plenty to eat?" I said "Well, yes but not the things we want." He said, "Guess you haven't got any flour." I said, "No." He said, "Well you bet we'll see that you get some flour." So he told the guy to fetch us 200 pounds of flour and when he got here to the house the wife was so tickled about it. Then, I lost my place and so...Cannon made me believe I had to move out. I guess I could've stayed there if I'd been mindful, but I didn't. I come over across the road and put up a little shack. People said you ain't goin' ta stay in that. But I said, "Yes, we can make it."

We didn't have no floor in the house, I built some bunk beds. We made out pretty good. I went down to Chipman's (I'd spent all my money as long as I lived there with them and I

didn't want to go to any other store.) I asked them for a little help. He said, "Alma, you're an honest man but you've got nothin'. So I didn't get anything from him. We lived in the room there all winter without any floor, til I got my pay from the factory and then I put a floor in it.

That winter I pulled a sleigh and a beet box there by the side and put some canvas over for a roof and put three beds there. It was pretty foggy all winter. The kids said, "What if the wind blows. It'l blow the roof off." I said, "We'll ask the Lord to bless us so it won't blow off." The canvas was rotten. If we'd had any wind at all, it'd blowed it off all right. But the Lord blessed us; we never had no trouble that way. They put rocks to the kids feet all winter. We were healthier that winter than any year, I believe. We got by okay. The snow drizzled down on the beds on the foot and the covers were all froze together and we couldn't pull them apart 'til spring. But we got along okay.

This time when we was living in the shack here, we didn't have any money for Christmas. I'd give it all to Cannon, thought I was goin' to save that place. We didn't have any money so I told the children that we wouldn't have any Christmas, I guess, this year. They felt kind of bad but they didn't say much. All at once we heard a knock on the door and there was Brother and Sister Pratt from American Fork. They fetched some candy, a few dolls, and it seemed like they was sent here purposely. Fred said he'd call his doll Erne Hunter. That tickled Erne Hunter when we told him about it...To think that he was thought that much of.

When we first got married, my wife wanted to go with me ward teaching. There was lots of snow that winter...six feet of snow, so we took the sleigh and the horses and went up there on the dry farm where Smith's lived. There come up a blizzard while we was talking and teaching Smiths. The horses got some balls of ice over their eyes and couldn't see, but we didn't know it then. We got caught down in the snow there, we thought they'd follow the road and they got off to the side there and there was a big blizzard on. I had to unhook the horses. I walked out a little ways to see if I could find the road...I couldn't even see my tracks the snow come down so fast. I hollered to the wife to say something so I'd know where she was, I couldn't even see the sleigh anymore. So I got her out of there ... went back and got her out. I said, "Which way shall we go." There happened to be a electric light pole there and we could see the wires. I said, "Which way should we go." And she said, "Go this way." We just happened to go the right way. We went down along there, got by the road, and she rolled down from the little hill there down in the road and then I carried her through the snow up to Zabriskies there on the hill where Carl Day now lives. She was about froze to death. After that the blizzard stopped and I went back to get the horses. I had to get Brother Smith that lived over on the dry farm to get his saddle horse and help me get the horses and sleigh out. They thawed Momma out...they had to get snow. Her garments was froze stiff to her. We finally got out okay. We'll always remember it.

Another time, before we got married, I went out to Cedar Valley to plow. I was out there six weeks, all alone; I never seen anybody--only my horses. I plowed about 50 some odd acres. of land. I got 100 pounds of flour for every acre I plowed that year. I stayed there 'til I couldn't plow anymore...the snow come. I had a little tent there that I lived in and I got a little bit wet that day and I hung my overalls up on the wall. When I got up the next morning, they was froze stiff and I couldn't hardly get into them. Snow about four inches all over my bed. I went out and finished plowing that morning and in the afternoon I started home...got home here at midnight. I come in once--I ran out of hay and I come into Lehi. I didn't have no alarm clock or any time so I must have got up about 2:00 o'clock in the morning and started for Lehi...kept thinking I wished it'd soon come morning and wondering what time I must have got up. I must have got up about 2:00 o'clock cause it was still dark when I got into Lehi, and I'd gone about 16 miles. So I got my hay and went back and camped on the road that night. Finally got back to work the next day. After I got my flour, I put it on the hayrack and took it up to my Dad in Midway. It was the time that Hoover business was on...give that there poor stuff to eat. My Dad was sure tickled. I give him about 100 sacks of 50 lb. flour. He put it in the grainery and sold it there to people and helped him out and helped me out too. A good turn I thought that time.

[Here Dad is talking about a steam engine.]

I went out to Mesada one winter. I put in the whole winter going out there...made three or four trips, broke down two or three times and had to go back and get it (steam engine). Finally got it home and that summer we tried to thrash with it. We thrashed awhile and the thrasher went on the blink and another guy's engine went on the blink that was thrashing here on Highland. So, this Mr. Brown and me got together. I used my engine and he used his thrasher and we went and thrashed grain all over Highland and American fork all summer. We did pretty good and then after while I took the thing (the thrashing machine and engine) up to Midway to my Dad. I had quite a time getting it up there. Broke down there in Provo Canyon--had to put flues in it. Carried water all day one day to get it filled up after I fixed it. Finally got it to going, I was about five days getting up there. Finally made it and then I come back and took the thrasher up with four horses. Got it in the river there and broke the front end out. Had to go home and get my Dad's team to help me get out. Put it together the next morning and got it up to him. (It was my Dad's thrasher and he had it out to Mesada and I went and got it.) He gave up the farm out there...everybody had to quit. I went out to get it back.

Just before I got married I went out to South Salt Lake to the brick yards to work. I shoveled coal there for about three months....unloaded 60 ton car of coal every day, all alone. One day I unloaded two cars of coal--a big car of lump coal and car of fine coal. I had to shovel it all and wheel it out with a wheelbarrow out of the other car. People thought I was quite a man. There was a feller there that pulled on the stick, his name was Frank Rich. He wanted to know if I'd pull him, so I said ya, I'll try him. The next morning he got us in the kilne--I didn't know there were so many men. There were about 60 men there, couldn't hardly get in. They was anxious to watch me pull this champ. He'd been champ for about four or five years. We got to pullin, and he says, "Twice out of three is what you pull--the one that pulls up to twice is the winner." So we got to pullin and I had a pretty hard time getting him up first but I finally pulled him up. Then he says I had the advantage of him, so we changed places; and I pulled him right up this next time. The men all went out of there throwing their hats in the air, jumping, and glad that I'd done him that day. So I was quite tickled about that. Then I came home here on Highland as I said before and got married and raised my family. I sent five boys on missions since and I never missed the money very much either that I sent 'em. It seemed like the Lord blessed us all the way through.

One time in Midway I was going to go on the canal to work with my two brothers and my Dad, he wanted me to stay home and plow some ground out in the Dutch field, so I went out in the Dutch field there to plow and farm for him. I go it in my head I was going to go with a certain girl that night so when noon come I let the horses eat while I went to see for me a new suit of clothes. I went over to Heber. I went down along the river and kept thinking I'd maybe cross. I couldn't get across so I went down the road. I guess I walked ten miles that day. I got over there and got my suit of clothes and come back to the horses, done a little work, and then went home. I was gunna go to the dance and show off that night. When the time come I got panicky and I wouldn't go so I stayed home. Whenever I'd meet a girl I'd walk around the block to miss 'em, I was so bashful. Then I got here on Highland and I wasn't quite so bashful. I had a pretty good time here...had some nice horses and a buggy. Had a tent up (here by the church house). The Zabriskie girls come along and they was lookin' for me. I had a manger out there by the shed and I got down in the manger, said to myself, "I ain't goin to talk to 'em." They stood up on the buggy and said "Where is he, where is he?" I kept quiet...I didn't say anything. They was there lookin' for about a half hour. I was there laying right close to 'em in the manger but they didn't see me. That's the kind of a guy I was. I was 22 years old when I left home. When I was home, I was always a workin'. I dug out that hole for the bathhouse. Took me all winter but I got it dug out. My Dad built a bathhouse there and I hauled the sand and gravel for it, put up the cement tank.

I was saying once along in my talk here that I went up to this tunnel and I was only 19 years old. They wouldn't of let me work there if they thought I was only 19. I went up there to please my mother. My brother was on a mission in Germany and my father wouldn't send him very much money...he thought he didn't need it. So it was up to Mother and me to keep him agoing, so I went up there and worked and sent him money to keep him on his mission all the while he was gone...2 1/2 years I think he was there.

When I'd come home from the tunnel I remember my mother used to stay up until I come home, help me unhook the horse. She couldn't rest until she seen I was in bed. Her and me (she'd get a few dimes from the bathhouse money) and with what I'd get together we kept Joe on his mission. I never regretted the money I give for that.

I'll tell this story about my father when he was a boy 17. He come here from Switzerland. He come here to Murray there in the saw mill. He was working there. One day the saw mill got on fire and burned. They couldn't do anything so my father thought he'd better go home (over to Midway). He didn't realize how far it was from there over to Midway so he just made up his mind and started to walking. There was a pretty good trail over the mountains. He didn't leave there until about 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon. By the time he got up into the mountains, it was gettin' quite dark and he couldn't see too good. He kinda got lost off the trail a little bit. As he was walking along, he slipped off a big ledge there (a rock ledge). He said he knew he broke his leg...he couldn't move his leg.

He wondered what he should do. So he thought, "Well, I'll pray to the Lord and maybe he can help me." There was a big pine tree close by, and he crawled a few rods there and crawled under that tree and prayed to the Lord. A voice said, "Get up and go." He said he thought how can I get up and go my leg's broke. The voice said, "Get up and go, I say." He said he wiggled his leg around and it felt pretty good. The voice again said, "Get up and go." And the third time I got up and went. I started to walking and my leg was all right...it wasn't broke at all. So I started agoin' pretty lively. I couldn't see and I looked up in the sky and there was a big hand up in the sky (I could see a hand there and a light came from the hand down to where I was onto this trail. The trail wound around the rocks and this and that. And he said I started to running just as hard as I could; and I heard a big, wild animal coming through the brush. I guessed it was a panther. He said it got so close to me I could even feel its breath on the back of my neck. It done that several times and every time it'd get close to me something would just carry me through the air for aways and then set me down. Then this animal would ketch up with me again. It did this two or three different times until I got over the mountain and lost this animal...Got over into Pine Creek where I used to herd cows and knew where I was then.

It was near midnight when I finally got home that night, he said. He didn't tell his folks for a few weeks, but he finally told his folks and they thought that was a wonderful thing how the Lord had blessed him. He said he knew his leg was broke for awhile there. He couldn't do a thing with it and how the Lord had restored him so he could go.

I was digging some wells here on Highland. I dug Harry Jerling's well and I had John Healey help me. He couldn't help no more so I got Erne Hunter and Groesbeck to help me and we went over and dug Groesbeck's well. Got it dug and then Groesbeck wanted some rocks put in the bottom of it to get it lined up. I went down in there. I felt like I shouldn't go down, but I did. They's kinda careless. They was putting rocks in the bucket up on top and I was down there and I could hear them. I hollered up and told them to quit throwing them rocks. About that time here come one down the well and hit me on my wrist and broke my arm. I told them I'd broke my arm and they'd have to wait now for a few minutes. I just about fainted. I told them to pull me up quick and so they did.

They pulled me out of the well and Groesbeck took me down to the doctor's and I got my arm fixed up by Dr. Noyes. I got up on 3rd North there in American Fork and a guy from Lehi (a meat man) come along there...he was drunk. I told Groesbeck to stop, I could see he was going to hit...just before we got there to Third Ward (that street there)-that corner). So we went on, he wouldn't stop. The car hit us and tipped us over. I went over the steering wheel and broke my ribs. The car tipped up, the wife was in the back seat. He was under the steering wheel and when the car came over I stuck my legs up in the air and held it up. He was right

under there. I got tired...I thought there was never anybody going to come to help us. I started to let it down and he hollered, "Buhler hold that car up." So I lifted it up again the best I could. I didn't know I had my ribs broke then, I was pushing on my legs. Finally people came there and got the car off us. When I stood up I found out I had my ribs broke. (I held the car up for about five minutes I guess....it seemed like a long while.) I had to go back down to the doctor's and get my ribs fixed then. So I come home and couldn't sit down. I didn't know how to be. When I sit down the wife helped me up.

About two or three days after that our trees come that we planted here in the orchard. So her and I planted the trees. I used one hand and she helped me and we got our orchard planted.

I was working up in the tunnel, after I'd come from Idaho for a little while...this was before I was married. This was the first year after Mother died. I left there in the Spring and then I come back in the Fall and worked up to the tunnel again for awhile. My mother died in 1914, January. I was working up to the tunnel there and some guy he kinda took a liking to me. Anyhow I quit working there and went home. When I got home my dad acted like he didn't like me being around there. I felt like I wasn't wanted. I didn't have any money much. Just had about $25.00 in my pocket. I was 22 years old.... just before he got married. When I seen he acted that way I thought, well I'm going to go somewhere and get me a job. I went over to Heber and got on the train and figgered I was going to go to Eureka and get me a job. I'd never been to Eureka, but I knowed there was a mining camp there. Got on the train at Heber and went I got to Charleston (Charleston was three miles from Midway and Heber's three miles from Midway, only in different directions and so the train left Heber and went to Charleston.) ....when I got to Charleston there was this guy that I thought I'd left. He said, "Hello, Buhler. We're going together again. And here's your pocket knife that I borrowed." He give me my pocket knife back. So when we were going down Provo Canyon he wanted me to go with him. I said, "No, I'm going to Eureka." He was kind of a bum anyway and I didn't want to be with him very much, he wanted to drink all the time and carouse around.

Anyhow, I went with him. He said you get up to Uintah, north of Ogden. When we get up to Ogden, why we'll go out to this Uintah, a little mining town there. There's a lot of friends there we know, and I know we can get a job. And so I took his advice and went with him. He got up into Ogden and we had to walk about 10 miles to get to that place. We got there about dark to this mining place. By the time we got there everybody was in bed....it must have been about 9:00 o'clock. These people knew him all right. He'd been there before. He wanted to come in and they wouldn't let him in...knew he was a bum. I didn't know he was that kind of a guy when I went with him. He seemed to like me pretty good. He kept hanging around me.

It was awful cold, it was in January. There was a big barn there, just a big old barn. They wouldn't let him in and wouldn't let me in. There was a little shack there and he laid down there in the shack and I went out by the barn. I'd thought I'd freeze to death before morning. I couldn't lay down, I was scared to lay down...I'd freeze to death. There was a big blizzard on all night. When morning come, the feller that cooked the meals, got up quite early...about 6:00 in the morning I guess it was--and went into the bunk house and started the meals. He come in and I seen him come and he sure looked tough. He looked like he was about dead. I guess I didn't look much better. But we went into this place and got warm. All the guys come in there, they looked mad at him. They didn't know me but they knowed him. They didn't like him at all. He sits right up to the table and starts eating breakfast with them. I was sure hungry but I didn't have the nerve to sit up. So when they all got through eating and went out, why just the cook was there. I asked him if I could have something to eat. He said, okay, so I had something to eat then. The first time for a whole day or more that we had anything to eat. Then we went back the next day. They had these beef places there where they cooked beef, but they wouldn't give us anything. We only had $8.00 between us. I knew we had to keep that. I thought about going back to Salt Lake and maybe get a job at the brick yard. I didn't know what this guy was going to do. He was about all in. Nobody would give us anything to eat. We looked like a couple of tramps. We walked on back from Uintah into Ogden. I'd got a gun out of there for $8.00 that he had there pawned off. I carried that gun and his valise and my valise. I didn't know if I was going to get back with him or not alive. He was about all in. So, when I got back to this pawn shop I put the gun back in. I didn't have any money, that was it. I just had this gun. So, I put this gun back in and got $8.00 again. I told him then, now here's where we part. He wanted me to go on a train. We got

there by the depot and he wanted to ride the rods...wanted to go to California and wanted me to go with him. I said, "No, not me, I'm quittin'. I'm not going with you no further." I said, "You can go your way and I'll go my way." I didn't tell him where I was going but I figured if I got back to Salt Lake I could get a job. So I give him $4.00 and I took $4.00. I told him goodbye. I went on the express train to Salt Lake and he was waiting for another train to go to California. He was going to ride the rods. I got on the train and when I left he was waving his hand as far as I could see. He was owing me about $30. He said I'll send it to you sometime, but I knew he never would. He'd never know where I was. That was the last I seen of him.

I went into Salt Lake and got to the brick yard and that was when I got my job there...shoveling coal then for about three months. That was quite an experience I had with him....there at Ogden there with him and in the depot. He stayed there overnight, couldn't get in anyplace to stay. A guy there at the depot he asked me if he was with me. Yes he's with Buhler. If it hadn't been for me he'd kicked him out. So we got to stay there all night. He was always glad to be with me, but he was nothing but a bum.

That's about all I have to say now. A lot of things I forgot. I could talk for hours if I could remember everything.

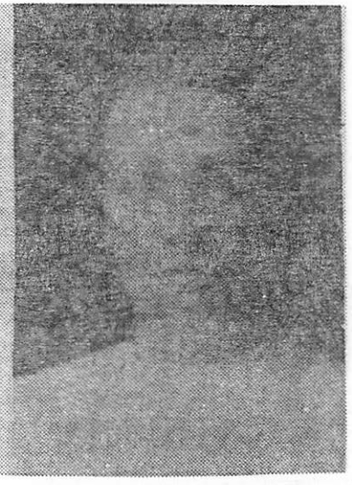
Like I said, I come here raised a good family and I'm proud of all them. They all got married well. We've got over 40 grandchildren now, and they're all on the right track as fer as I know. I hope they'll all be able to fill missions....them that like to go. I know the money that I spent was spent well. I wouldn't have it any different. I know the Lord has blessed us in many ways. This has all been an experience for me. I think it's what's brought me closer to the Lord. It's about all I have to say. I ask the Lord to bless all my family, in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

Sp.Lawrence Day/1. LILLIE (1917)

DAD

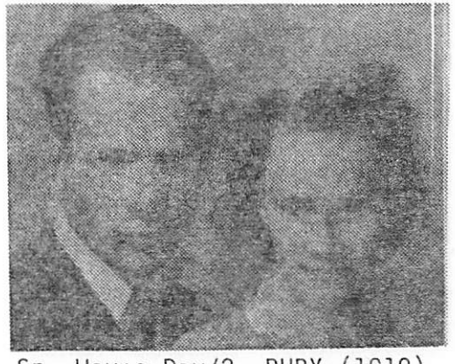
ALMA HERMAN BUHLER
(1892)

MOM



HAZEL SELINA LOVERIDGE
(1895)

9. LYMAN (1934)/Sp. Carol Wagstaff



Sp. Wayne Day/2. RUBY (1919)

5. HERMAN (1925)/Sp. Glenna Jorgenson

7. ELMER (1929)/Sp. Pauline Roser

10.SYLVAN (1936)/Sp. Daphine Lisonbee

Sp. Venoy Turner/3. EVA (1920)

4. REUBEN
(1923)

11. SANFORD (1939)/Sp. Betty Hayes